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POEMS

BY

WILLIS VERNON COLE







NEAL A. TRUSLOW

We Sick, Arise

POEMS

BY

WILLIS VERNON COLE

AUTHOR OF

"OUR LEADER AND OTHER POEMS"



ELEVENTH THOUSAND

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TO MY BROTHER

*Bond or free, of every creed or country, who seeks
peace, health and immortality, these leaves
of healing are lovingly dedicated.*

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Foreword



TRUTH, understood, heals the sick and the sinful now, as certainly as when Jesus proved the power of God centuries ago by Galilee's quiet sea, through the healing of all manner of diseases, the destruction of sin in its myriad forms, and by his final and greatest victory over death. The might of Mind is still operative and available to all who are in need of purity, health and peace.

This volume is designed as a vehicle by means of which to convey to the sufferers of earth, this spiritual truth: that Love makes free. Those who have "eyes to see and ears to hear" will find in these pages health for the sick, strength for the sinner, substance for the poor, and salvation for those who hunger for righteousness.

Spiritual healing, fully demonstrated in the life and works of Jesus of Nazareth in ages past, and so conspicuous in the life and

teachings of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy to-day, may be understood and proven by all who look sincerely to their heavenly Father in quest of freedom from ills of the flesh.

To help the reader know that God is All, that God is Love, and heals all pain and fear; to aid him touch the seamless robe of Life, and gain the consciousness that man is pure and whole and perfect as his perfect Mind; to crush out weakness, worldliness, and woe, and help enthrone the reign of God in man; to prove that Life triumphant conquers death, Love wipes out fear, and Mind heals all disease; to help man love his brother and know God—these are the thoughts that give this volume birth.

W. V. C.



God is My Strength

"The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?"—Ps. 27.

"In God have I put my trust. I will not be afraid of what flesh can do unto me. In God have I put my trust. I will not be afraid. What can man do unto me?"—Ps.

BE strong, fair son of God, arise!
Life's mighty hand hath struck the
hour!

Away, thou fears that mesmerize,
Give place to Spirit's might and power!

Ye sick, arise! Almighty God
Doth hold you perfect, saying, "Wake!"
Disease is but a finite fraud
That Mind omnipotent doth break.

Be strong! Free limbed and fearless be!
Love's word is instant, bringing peace.
Thyself as Life's expression see.
Let pain, disease and sorrow cease!

Thou sinner, weak one, from the night,
Where thou doest lie in self-wrought
chains,

A knowledge of th' eternal might
Thy freedom, as God's son, regains.

Though thou hast fallen, rise once more!
Experience adds to thy strength;
Each sin o'ercome exalts thee more
To gain Mind's true idea—at length.

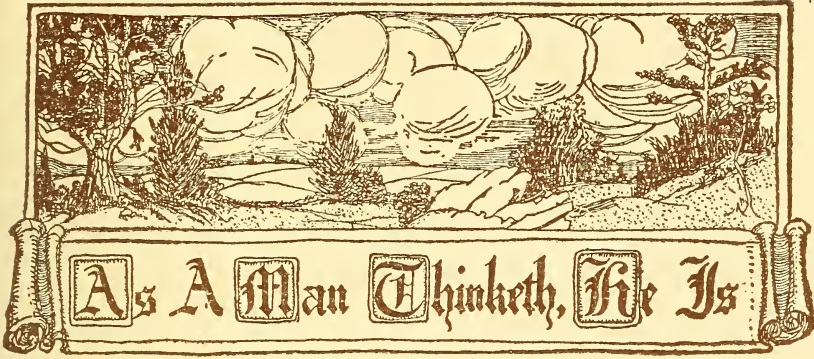
Thy burden, mourner, Mind doth melt,
And girds thee, fearless, fair and free;
The crushing blow, fell chance hath dealt,
Falls harmless when Love covers thee.

Thou coward flesh and weakling earth,
Thou hast no substance, truth, nor life!
The Spirit never gave thee birth,
Thou phantom scene of sin and strife!

God is my strength! I have all might!
There is no weakness; Mind is all!
I shine the universal right,
Man in God's likeness cannot fall!

On! On! From strength to strength press on!
Omnipotence doth hold thy hand.
God's panoply of power don!
No foe true Wisdom can withstand.

O, irresistible and strong,
The sword of Life with power swing!
Bear up and shout Love's triumph song!
Reflect omnipotence and sing!



"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Prov. 23: 7.

AS A MAN thinketh, he is, my friend.
The Mind of the Christ will a blessing
send.

Think of thyself as God's perfect son,
His normal, harmonious, healthful one;
Think of thy being,—Life's mirror pure
Reflecting the Spirit from sense secure.
O, let thy thought with thy Maker's blend:
As a man thinketh, he is.

Hast been long stretched on a couch of pain?
Would'st freedom and vigor and health
regain?

Think of thyself as the child of Life,
God's master of anguish and fear and strife;
Health is the law true man must express.
Deny that life holds for him, pain, distress.
Thinking Love's health will *thy* health regain:
As a man thinketh, he is.

Art thou a sinner by Mammon bound?
Would lustings of flesh thy true manhood
drown?

Arise! Shine forth with one great desire;
Denying thyself, to the Truth aspire.
Think of real man as of nobler worth
Than creatures that cling to the shameful
earth.

Through Mind mount high o'er earth's
fruitless ground.

As a man thinketh, he is.

Art thou a weakling by impulse swayed?
With thoughts on the Spirit, ah never
stayed?

Then let thy mind on true wisdom wait,
Steadfast, ne'er waver nor vacillate.
The lightning may flash and the senses roar,
A sentinel stand at thy mental door,
Then think of the way that our Saviour
prayed.

As a man thinketh, he is.

Art thou a pauper with hollow eye?
Do chances of gaining success go by?
Think of thyself with the wealth of Mind,
A channel of Substance for all mankind;
Think of Soul's resources,—infinite,
Then manifest Mind by affirming it.
Oh, end this limited slavery!

As a man thinketh, he is.

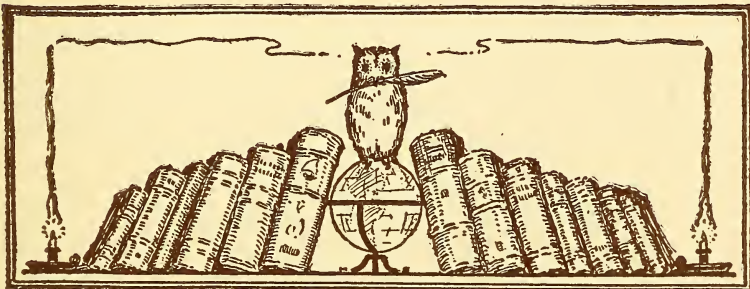
There is but one Mind and that Mind is
God;

Then why through earth's desolate by-ways
plod?

The harvest is white, and the laurel crown
Is ready; now trample the senses down.

'Gainst majestic Truth naught can militate;
Love's freedom and might naught can vitiate.
Be strong! Be pure! Be God's perfect man!

As our Lord thinketh—man is.



A Healing Lullaby

"I will lay me down in peace, and sleep: For Thou, Lord only makest me to dwell in safety."—Ps. 4: 8.

THE moon is rising gentle o'er the mere;
And bathes the fevered brow of Earth
with calm;
The night wind whispers softly "Peace is here;"
All Nature brings her cool and healing balm.

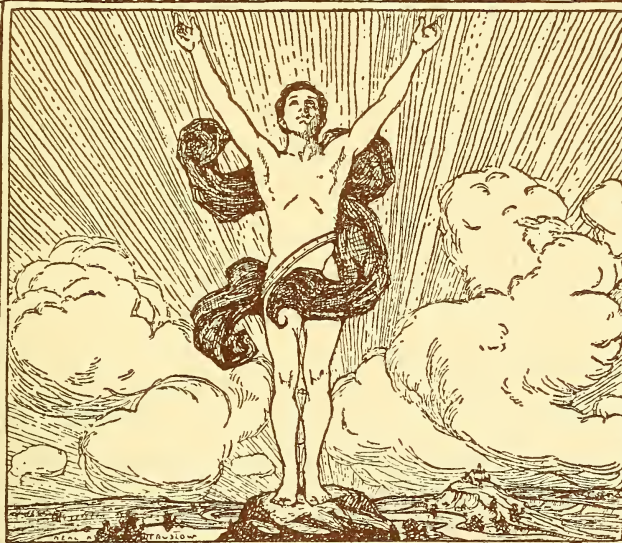
O, God's in His heaven, love;
Fair in His heaven, dove;
God's in His heaven near.

The dreams of ev'en quickly fade away;
Soon light will step through pearly gates of
dawn,
Rest little lamb until the gladsome day
Shall bid the shadows of the night be gone.

O, rest in God's bosom, love;
Soft in His bosom, dove;
Slumber sweet lamb, sleep on.

The rosy sky fortells the waking Sun,
Who brightly mounts the ladder of the morn;
The birds are singing softly "Night is done;
Awake, thou child, another day is born!"

O, God's in His beauty love;
Full in His beauty, dove;
God's in His beauty here.



The Prayer That Heals

UPON the rock the thinker
stands,
His eyes reflect the sky;
In silent prayer his heart flows out
To Mind, his God on high:

“Father, the hour has come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may also glorify Thee. Thou hast given Him power over all flesh.”—John 17: 1, 3.

In silent prayer his heart goes out
 In virile, strong, repose.
Affirming truth for God and man,
 As on through Love it flows :

Within the silence of my heart,
 God hears me when I pray.
“The hour is come to glorify
 Thy son, O Lord, to-day.”

Love's vital prayer is to affirm
 The Truth, and own God's sway;
The deep and longing look toward Love
 That melts the earth away.

His thought is ever one with Christ,
 His God is everywhere,
He giveth life and strength and joy
 In answer to his prayer.

Thou mak'st man loving, Lord, our Love,
 Compassionate and kind,
Embracing all humanity,
 The perfect child of Mind.

Thou mad'st him chaste, Thou God of light,
 As Thou art, pure in heart;
Thou cleansed me, and to all who need,
 Thy healing I impart.

For Love I labor fearlessly,
From apprehension free,
Christ-crowned in strength and confidence,
To light the world for Thee.

Depression hath no place in man;
Thy light, O healing Sun,
Doth make me buoyant, glad, and free,
Thou strong and joyous One.

I have my being in pure Mind,
All fear and woe above,
Immortal, perfect, infinite,
And patterned after Love.

Mine eyes are perfect, and mine ears;*
I strongly voice God's word;
With action free, and being strong;
Pure thought my loins gird.

I breathe the air of Life divine,
Free from disease or fear;
No germ of earth, through sin or birth,
May ever enter here.

I have all beauty, symmetry;
Love's glory lights my face;
In form and outline I reflect
The splendor of God's grace.

* See "Science and Health," by Mary Baker Eddy, page 585, line 1-4.
Ibid 586 line 3-6.

I have all power, life and might,
A Mind omnipotent;
Thus panoplied in strength, I meet,
And prove sin impotent.

I have all substance, affluence,
Abundance of Life's food;
I break the law that limits man,
And feed the multitude.

Love gives an understanding heart
With knowledge of Thee, Lord;
I lift my voice in Wisdom's might
To propagate Thy word.

I heal all sickness, conquer sin,
Annul the curse on man,
Through Thee, Physician, great of strength
I break earth's cruel ban.

Strongest Redeemer! Mind of all!
Thou pure light-giving Stream!
Thou dost baptize the universe
In Life, Thou Love supreme!

O, what a wealth have I, O God,
When I but realize
Thou art my Father; I, Thy son,
Am perfect in thine eyes.

The Healing of the Blind

“Go show John again those things which you do hear and see: The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me.”—Matthew 11: 4-6.

GOOD physician, give me aid!
“There’s no help for you,” he said
And the blind one groped away with bitter
tears.

“Nature’s therapeutic art
Can no hope nor help impart
To the one who knows the darkness of thy
fears.”

Pray good pastor, make me free!
“God afflicted you,” said he.
“Be thou reconciled, and say, ‘Thy will be
done.’

In His mercy God doth dole
Pain to cleanse thy sinful soul,
And withholds from thee the gladness of the
sun.”

Canst thou help me, gentle maid?
"God is Love, dear friend," she said.
"In His grace He made man perfect, strong
and free.

What the senses say are lies;
In Christ's name, lift up thine eyes!
As thy faith in God, so be it unto thee!"

Lord, Thy light streams down from
heaven!

The discernment Thou hast given
Of the Truth alights mine eyes to see Thy
face.

Pain and blindness disappear
As Thy love removes my fear,
And the consciousness of Christ my woes
displace.

O, ye sufferers of earth,
Marred by accident or birth,
When the theories of thine elders give no aid,
From earth's barren creeds, above,
Look to God, eternal Love,
As the blind man to the God-inspired maid.

Behold the Man!

“Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.”—St. Matthew 5:48.

THE man who knows that evil is not
power,
When it seems to be about the only
thing;
And that matter has no life nor real existence,
Though the false beliefs of error close
and cling;
The man who plants his standard on God's
allness,
Knowing God is good and good alone
is Mind,
Proving law the truth which some may hold
is lawless,
And adverse to every theory of mankind;

The man who makes his mind a golden dais
Where the moral purpose mounts with
diadem,
And his consciousness an open freedman's
rostrum
To affirm the truth, each baser thing
condemn;
The man who keeps his mind so filled with
goodness
That no sin, disease or death may
trespass o'er
The threshold of his thought, nor find an
access
To the soul whose perfect selfhood
guards the door;*

The man who's great enough to lead the
simple,
And yet simple, meek enough to teach
the great;
Who is sage enough to nourish babe and
suckling,
Yet is babe enough to set the sages
straight;
The man who turns his business into pleasure
And his pleasure business in the Soul's
employ;
Who with stern resolve can conquer every
treasure,
Then capitulate the thing he's won to
joy;

* Spiritual sense—S. & H.

The man whose motto reads, "Semper
paratus"

Who with thought alert upholds his
righteous Cause,

Nor will justify in heat his own high calling,
But can leave that better part to wisdom's
laws ;

The man who loves with all his heart his
neighbors,

Though they seem to be his enemies
galore,

And when crucified and scorned for all his
labors,

From his cross can look and love them
all the more ;

The man who's always there when you may
call him,

Even more so in your sore extremity,

Nor will recognize your need as claim or
claimant,

But will grasp it as an opportunity ;

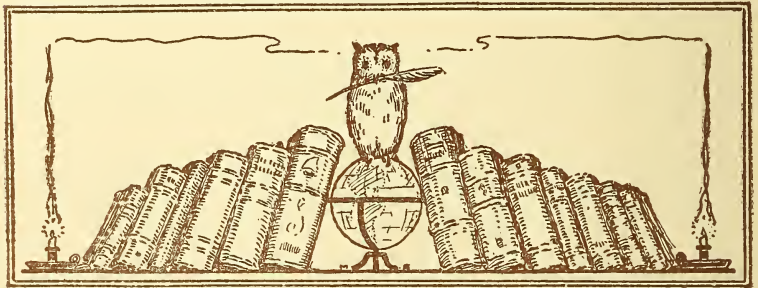
Who proceeds to figure out the situation

And explain away the error you have
feared,

Leaving gratitude in place of condemnation,

Till you wake to find the dream sense
disappeared ;

The man who begs not God to make him
perfect,
But who holds creation at that point now;
Who adores the Lord because He made him
loving,
Nor the knee to any lesser god will bow.
The man who sees the climax of creation,
As the entity that God has made his own;
Behold beyond sin's premise or mutation,
The rightful heir to Mind's eternal throne!



The Library at Stoneycroft*

*"Most current for that they come home to
men's business and bosoms."—Lord Bacon.*

Good friend: this room is where the authors
dwell,
Come—meet them all and mark their
discourse well.
Beneath these leathern doublets, prithee, find,
True men of thought, who dwell in realms
of Mind.
They teach, delight, admonish and exhort,
If thou thyself art of the fertile sort.

*The country seat of Charles Stinchfield, Esquire, at Birmingham,
Oakland County, Michigan.



"O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles."—Psalms 43:3.

GUIDE Thou me, Lord;
The way is steep,
My path runs through
Earth's darkness deep.
O make my lamp
Thy blessed Word,
To light my way.
Guide Thou me, Lord.

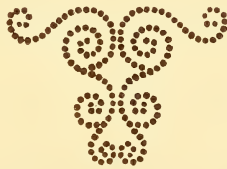
Guide Thou me, Lord;
Teach me Thy will,
Direct my steps,
My yearnings still.
O with Thy truth
My loins gird
To follow on.
Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
From vales of fear
To heights of Love
Make my way clear.
Turn my desires
All heavenward,—
Pure prayers to Thee.
Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
From dread disease
Bring holy balm
From healing trees.
Thou who hast quickened,
Healed, restored;
In perfect Love
Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
I long for light;
Thy love alone
Dispels the night.
O send the voice
Our Saviour heard;
Who held *his* hand,—
Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
The day doth dawn,
The earth awakes,
O, guide me on.
See! Light breaks forth;
Hope long deferred
Gives place to joy.
Guide Thou me, Lord.





Death Is Boreal

The Song of Life

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—St. John, 10:10

ACROSS a weary world of woe
There swells a joyous strain;
The broken-hearted mourner wakes
To harmony again.

In seamless robe the risen Christ
Shines forth to bless and heal;
The sepulchre reverberates,
Life reigns—death is unreal!

The grave-clothes of dogmatic creed
Give place to raiment white;
The letter, which so long hath killed,
Through Spirit shrinks from sight;
The quickened sense of new-born man
Awaked, doth rise to feel,
As sickness, fear, and weakness wane,
Truth lives—death is unreal!

Within the crucible of Love
Melt murder, malice, hate;
Dissolves each jealous tendency
That would annihilate.
A warm, sweet, tender brotherhood's
Compassionate appeal
Unites all heart-beats in one song,
Love rules—death is unreal!

The maimed, the halt, the lame and blind,
Hear truth's redeeming word,
And feel their fetters cut away
By Science' tempered sword.
Arise and walk! Man is God's son!
All men their freedom feel,
As dark abnormal sense-dreams flee,
Christ reigns,—death is unreal!

Art thou a widow, heavy-browed,
Or mother, childless now?
Doth absent brother, friend, or babe,
Thine heart in anguish bow?
In Life divine thy dear one dwells,
Immortal, perfect, real.
Dry thou thy tears, praise thou the Lord;
Man lives,—death is unreal!

Animal Magnetism Dethroned

“And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen For strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.”—Revelation 18:2, 8.

ONE-THIRD of heaven's stars thou
Leviathan! [claimed,
The name of man to dust thou shamed,
Leviathan!
With greed, and lust, and hate inflamed,
The brow of earth with fear thou maimed,
And monarch of the earth proclaimed,
Leviathan!

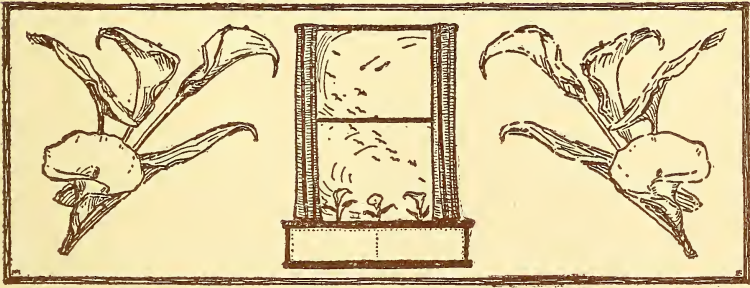
Out from the dream abyss of hell,
Leviathan!
Thou cast thy mist, chimerical,
Leviathan!
The suckling babe and ancient fell,
The prince and peasant heard thy knell,
Thou sought the light of Mind to quell,
Leviathan!

Thou formed a universe grotesque,
 Leviathan!
A vain, fantastic arabesque,
 Leviathan!
Bedimmed God's likeness, Spirtesque
Creation called thy crude burlesque
Sin's law, earth's mandate, matteresque
 Leviathan!

The tombs of Cheops owned thy sway,
 Leviathan!
The Delphic syble kneeled to pray,
 Leviathan!
Great dynasties thy pride did slay,
Their priests and peoples passed away;
Passed, worshipping in shrines of clay,
 Leviathan!

The evening star bestrode the sky,
 Leviathan!
And listened to a man child's cry,
 Leviathan!
The Logos came from God on high,
That sin, and sin alone shall die;
Our God is good—aught else a lie,
 Leviathan!

The kingdom of our God is come,
 Leviathan!
The reign of Spirit is begun,
 Leviathan!
Thy cause is lost—thy dream is done,
Thy star is waned, withdrawn thy sun;
Fade phantom of oblivion,
 O, never wast!
 Leviathan.



The Practitioner's Room

*“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.”—St. Matthew 11:28.*

Good friends, we gather here today,
To truly think and quietly to pray.
Here Love divine annuls each mortal claim,
Then let thy voice be still—In Jesus name.

Fidelity

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.— Revelation, 3 : 10.

THE breakers lash themselves away,
The thunder heads roll by;
Stalwart and grand the mountains stand,
Against the changing sky.

The lightning flashes o'er the cloud,
The tempest tears the lea;
The sturdy rock withstands the shock
In calm fidelity.

Outrageous fortune strikes her blow,
Fate sends its circumstance;
Man brooks the fight in Spirit's might,
The victor over chance.

Loud clang the blows upon his helm,
And shiver on his mail,
But still he swings his sword, and sings,
In Love I can not fail.

God is my Life, there is no death;
Nor dark oblivion;
Above the strife, eternal Life
Doth tread my foes upon.

A hundred times he falls to earth,
More strong each time doth rise ;
The earth he spurns, and ever turns
To Truth, that fortifies.

Resentment, malice, press before,
Fear, weakness, lust and hate ;
He looks above to perfect Love,
His fears evaporate.

He loves with ever-growing love,
Makes Love his only prayer ;
He loves his foes, till even those
Are brought to dear God's care.

He fetters weakness and revenge,
The passions' strength he chains ;
Through his calm trust Love conquers lust,
Till good alone remains.

Temptation with enticing cup
Says, "Come and rest in me."
"Get thee behind, thou carnal mind!
My joy is chastity."

Though tempted, he will know no sin
Nor subtle sorcery ;
On God he calls, nor ever falls
From his sweet purity.

The Titan forms of error quail
 Before his fearless gaze ;
With every blow he fells a foe,
 A sin to earth doth raze.

His trusted kinsmen turn from him,
 His allies fall away ;
Clearer he sees when earth-help flees
 That God will not betray.

These foes withdraw from off the field,
 When pestilence comes nigh ;
Yet dauntless still, with joyous thrill,
 He turns to God on high.

There shall no sickness come by night,
 Nor weakness come by day ;
God is my health, disease through stealth
 Can not in man hold sway !

Suggestions of a bygone day
 Say, "See, we are not done."
When error dies it cannot rise,
 Go hence thou evil One !

When through pure Science' Christian mode
 The dreams of pain collapse,
There's no return to tears that burn,
 No fear to bring relapse.

The haggard wolf of loss and lack
 Creeps nigh with aspect gaunt,
My God on high is man's supply,
 Who meets my every want.

God fills my treasures, with His love
 Brings wealth abundantly;
The Mind of good, when understood,
 Gives all things unto me.

Ambition leads him to the mount
 And shows him all the earth;
Man is exempt, and naught can tempt
 The Mind who gave him birth.

No pride of thought can throw him down,
 Nor earthly prince deface;
Humility alone doth see
 Love, and dwell in Love's place.

Self-seeking, pride, and love of fame
 Say, "Be thyself a God."
Away from me, idolatry!
 Thy garish toys defraud.

"I will be loyal to my God,
 My Leader and my cause;"
Forever true, O Christ, to You,
 And constant to Love's laws.

The sunlight bursts across the vale,
A rainbow spans the sky ;
He doth rejoice. A gentle voice
Descends from God on high :

“Thou hast been faithful unto death,
Strongly thou braved the strife ;
And now, well done, beloved son,
Receive thy crown of Life.”



Woman: Humanity's Helper

*“[She] appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile.”—John Ruskin.**

What greater blessing might the Father send,
Than thee most gracious, never-changing
friend?

Had earth no record save true womanhood,
'Twere proof sufficing, God Himself is good.

* Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." *Of Queen's Gardens.*

The Walk to Emmaus

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."—St. Matthew 5:4

OUR heads were bowed low
As we started to go,
And the darkest of fears did delay us;
We were mourning the loss
Of our Lord, on the cross,
On the heart-breaking walk to Emmaus.

In anguish we cried
"Oh, must he have died?
Oh, how could that brother betray us?
And no succor we hoped
As in blindness we groped
On our comfortless walk to Emmaus.

So we murmured of death
With each quivering breath,
When a stranger in white did assay us;
Then our path shone with light,
Making day of the night,
On our wondrous walk to Emmaus.

“Search the Scriptures,” said he,
“For ’tis they speak of me.”
And the joy of his spirit did sway us;
And we felt not the loss
Of our Lord on the cross,
On the exalting walk to Emmaus.

Then our hopes were raised high
As an inn we passed by,
And the voice of the stranger did stay us;
When he brake for us bread;
“Christ, our Saviour!” we said,
On the glorious walk to Emmaus.

And now, O my friend,
As our journey we wend
Through the byways of earth that dismay us,
Let us fearlessly stride,
With the Christ at our side,
On our triumphal walk to Emmaus.)



To My Blessed Grandmother

*“I know thy works, and charity, and service. I will give
[thee] the morning star.”—Rev. 2:19-28.*

What scrolls of history could'st thou repeat!
Through golden years, nearest one
century.
Potential eloquence! More holy, sweet,
Thy calm that tells of immortality.

Gratitude and the Lepers

*“Blessed are they that do hunger and
thirst after righteousness; for they
shall be filled.”—St. Matthew 5:16*

“**W**OE unto him,” the Saviour said,
“Through whom offenses,” harsh
and rude,
“Will come.” ’Twere better he were dead;
The worst is cold ingratitude.

“Increase our faith, O Lord!” they cry —
The twelve who hear the Truth he tells;
He leadeth with a patient sigh,
Admonishing with parables.

They enter through the village streets;
A sorry group salutes their ken,
The terror of whose sore depletes.
“Have mercy!” cry the leper men.

Compassionate and firm withal,
God’s light upon His face is seen,
As rings the Master’s healing call
“Go show yourselves,— that ye are clean.”

Sound is their flesh, their blood runs red,
And pulsates through its new-born veins.
Nine men rush forth—where have they fled?
But one Samaritan remains.

One, redolent with gratitude,
Returns to do his Master's will;
Still seeking Mammon's mocking food,
The other nine are leper's still.

O barren gain to those who feel
The warmth of Christ, yet, heartless, cold,
Remain but long enough to heal,
And then their gratitude withhold.

The thrill of thanks our being feels
Removes the senses' primal curse;
Reciprocating love reveals
Forevermore God's universe.

To Maeterlinck

*"Meekness, selflessness, and love are the paths of His testimony and the footsteps of His flock."—Mary Baker Eddy**

A little blue bird—sweet content its cage,
Hath watermarked with *masterpiece*
thy page—
Learn'd Dean of Nature's university;
Thy mentor's—birds; thy President—
the bee.

* Rudimental Divine Science—Page 17, l. 15.

The Prodigal Son

*"A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father: Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. * * * And he took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."—Luke 15: 11-13*

O, the Prodigal Son was a wayward one!
We all may have been the same;
For he mourned his lot, and he quite forgot
The labor of love and the kindly thought
And the price that was paid for the gifts he got,
In his heart was a restless flame.

So he must away and without delay,
For the wine is red and the world is gay
And the home is dull — let the dullards stay,
The wanderlust is the game.

O, the Prodigal Son was a headstrong one!
As all may have headstrong been;
Strong his father plead, but his heart was lead,
And who can plead with a heart of lead?
So he took his portion and off he sped,
To the lure of the distant din.

O, the wanton way as the senses sway
With their dazzling night and their deadened
day!

And the terrible price that we all must pay
As toll to our gods of sin!

O, the Prodigal Son was a reckless one!

Can anyone cast a stone?

For he wasted his all with a lavish hand
And he cut hope's tie to the utmost strand;
Then the famine came and the youth did stand
In his desolate waste alone.

So he fed the kine, and he fain would dine
With the wall'wing herd on the husks of
swine.

Yet there lingered a spark that was still divine,
The hope that he might atone.

O, the Prodigal Son was a tearful one!

You know, we all shed our tears;

For his senses woke, but his heart was broke
And he felt remorse like a floodtide choke,
When out from the silence his conscience
spoke

As he wept o'er the wasted years.

So he raised his head from the servile bed
And back to his father and home he sped.
Cried his father: "He lives, whom we
mourned as dead."

Assuaging his puerile fears.

O, the Prodigal Son was a wiser one,
We all will be wise some day,
For the sins of sense are a false pretense,
And men pay death's wage as a consequence;
So he sought his joy in Omnipotence,
And he found it the better way.

"Get the golden ring" cried his father, "Bring
"Both garments and shoon that would grace
a king,
"Kill the fatted calf." And the lad did sing,
His grief had been ta'en away.

The Prodigal Son was a lovable one!
Experience makes one so;
For his brother fumed that the son resumed
His seat in the home, who before presumed
To mingle with wantons, whose lust
consumed
His substance in vagrant show.

Still he loved the more, and in peace forbore.
"All I have" said the father "was thine before;
"Be glad that the Truth may again restore
The heart that hath fallen low."

Now, the Prodigal Son was a transformed one;
Transformed as we *now* may be!
For his joy is sweet in the Life complete,
And the power he sought in the world's
conceit
Awoke in his heart at the Father's feet,
Where peace dwells through eternity.

O' the nascent bliss when a soul like this,
Redeeming itself from the dark abyss,
And healed by the touch of a father's kiss,
Lives on in humility!

So our Master told of the Prodigal Son,
And the parable taught is a poignant one.
In its practical sense, through the scenes we
see
That he might have been you,
Or he might have been me;
However the dream is done.

A Healing Anthem

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, is one Lord."

THERE'S a tumult, as of trumpets
When they bay across the lees;
There's a murmur of the nations,
Like the wind through aspen trees;
There's a branch sprung forth from Jesse
To eliminate disease,
There is one Eternal Mind.

Brightly gleams the star of being,
Guiding to a risen morn.
Sin and sickness disappear,
For our Comforter is here.
To our consciousness the healing Truth is
borne.

There's a beacon on Mt. Carmel
From Beersheba unto Dan;
There's a holy light reflected
On the face of every man;
While the world awakes to demonstrate
Love's scientific plan,
There is one Eternal Mind.

Calm and clear the dawn is breaking,
Melting mists before the sun.
 Sin and sickness disappear,
 For the perfect Christ is here.
God is Good and man His own beloved one.

We've been scapegoats for sin's fury,
 While it lashed itself away;
We have dwelt in tents of Kedar,
 Where they worshipped gods of clay;
Till a Woman with a message came,
 To bring the Truth to stay,
 There is one Eternal Mind.

Brighter shines the sun in glory,
Fading thoughts of fear and pain.
 Sin and sickness disappear,
 For the perfect Christ is here.
Truth has brought to men Love's healing
 light again.

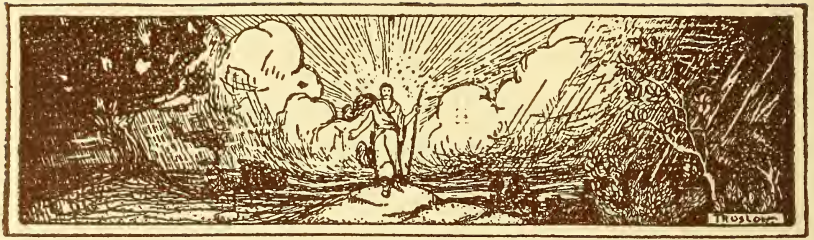
We were taught to think of matter
 As the habitat of Soul;
Sin and sickness as Life's attributes
 And death our common goal.
But the false beliefs have vanished,
 For the Christ says, "Be ye whole!"
 There is one Eternal Mind.

Break, break, break! The Truth is breaking!
Healing, healing, pure and strong.
Sin and sickness disappear,
For our Comforter is here.
To our vision comes Life's blessed angel
through.

There are little children singing,
In the city of our Lord;
There are men and women praying,
Where before no prayer was heard;
There's a world redeemed from bondage
By the mandatory Word.
There is one Eternal Mind.

Glory, honor and thanksgiving,
Strength and majesty and peace;
For the Spirit's healing voice
Bids the hearts of men rejoice,
While the whisperings of night forever cease.





Be Not Afraid.

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”—Isaiah 41 : 10.

BE not afraid, O creepers of the earth!
The thing ye fear is but a senseless
cloud.

In God’s name, rise! unloose the phantom
shroud.

Lo, o’er the earth Love’s presence doth appear;
The healing Christ triumphant draweth near.
Awake O men! and be ye undismayed;
Affirm, ye are God’s sons. Be not afraid!

Your enemies—confusion, woe, and shame,
That broke your hearts, and gave men gall
to drink,
Are utterly cast down when ye but think:
God is our Love, whose glory fills our hearts.
Love holds man perfect; Life and Truth
imparts
The sense that renders evil desolate,
Shames foes to naught, and shows as *nothing*,
hate.

Be not afraid, ye weak and wounded men,
Weary of crying, sinking 'neath sore pain!
From sickness ye your freedom shall regain.
The flood of Light that cleared all Galilee
Dispels the shadows that have harassed thee.
Arise! and know by Spirit man was made
As perfect as his God. Be not afraid!

Men make their woes, and damn their
destinies,
Conceding power to the dreams of sense.
The antidote is: Know omnipotence.
Proclaim the Truth—eternal Mind is all;
There is **no** matter; then crass fears will fall.
The senses' thralldom, lust's despotic sway,
Before God, Mind triumphant, fade away.

Ascribe all strength to Mind, O Israel!
Fear hath no cause, effect, nor dread disease,
Though friends say help is vain, fear not ye
these!
Though earth may melt, the heavens roll
away,
Inspired still by Spirit, stand and say;
In Love man lives and moves, his God is here;
Rejoice, in Soul, be glad! There is no fear!

Ye poor and needy, tarry now no more
In habitations desolate with woe;
Make haste to dwell in Love, and firmly
know
There is no want; ye have the wealth of
Mind.
This is salvation's way for all mankind:
Cast down the foes that 'gainst Truth are
arrayed;
Know God made *all* for man—Be not afraid!

O for your sake, I will not hold my peace.
Ye sinner, sick one, pauper, ye who mourn,
The Christ is come, and says, be *now* new-
born.
Be pure, be strong, be affluent and glad,
Strangers and sons, what waking dreams ye
had!
Rejoice, as fear's confusion fades away,
Be not afraid! Hail, everlasting day!

Good is My God

*“Good is my God, and my God is Good; Love is my God, and my God is Love.”—Mary Baker Eddy; Miscellaneous Writings.**

GOOD is our God, and our God is Good;
This brings men all blessings when
understood.

Mind is our God, and our God is Mind;
As His perfect image is man designed.
Soul is our God, and our God is Soul,
Which leadeth to Spirit's celestial goal.
Life is our God, and our God is Life,
Who banishes weakness and death and strife.
Truth is our God, and our God is Truth;
Revealing all beauty and strength and youth.
Love is our God, and our God is Love,
Exalting from discords of earth above.
Light is our God, and our God is Light,
Dispelling the shadows of fear and night.
When thus to our Father pure thought
appeals,
He answers, and helps and blesses and heals.



*Page 206, line 23.

Mind Healeth Sickness

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul (sense)? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.”—Psalms.

MIND heals all sickness, Mind reforms,
Mind makes the sinner free,
Mind bursts the bonds of false belief,
Mind melts mortality.

Life doth deliver man from death,
Life brings earth victory.
Life says, “O death, where is thy sting?”
Life giveth life to me.

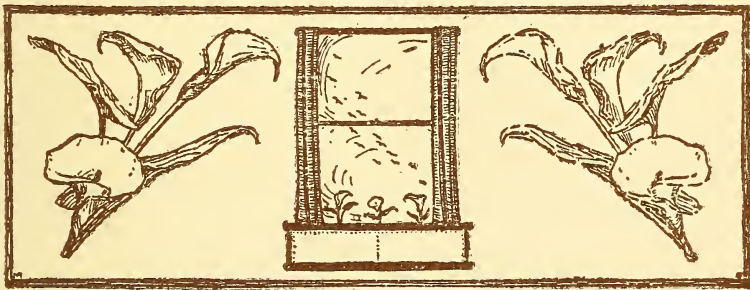
Truth casts out error, kills deceit,
Truth brings surcease from pain,
Truth lifts the veil that hides true man,
Truth shows the Christ again.

Love bathes all things in warm, sweet calm,
Love maketh all men kind,
Love with one tender touch quells hate,
Love is my perfect mind.

Substance annuls the law of lack,
Substance smites poverty,
Substance reveals Christ's riches rare,
Substance unlimits thee.

Health is the atmosphere of Soul;
Health is Life's law divine;
Health is unchanging, perfect, pure;
Health is forever mine.

Wake then, mine heart, and know thine own;
Thy birthright is God-given.
Know that e'en now thou art His own;
Open is Love's sweet heaven.



Song of Songs

"The heavens declare the glory of God."—Ps. 19:1

The cloud sailed triremes wing deep heaven's
ocean,

The field's flash vert, the odors all are dew;
A robin's note drift's through the cosmic
motion,

The bridegroom wakes and Love is calling
you.

In Love I Rest

*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind
is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in
thee.—Isaiah 26:3.*

IN Love I rest:
A sweet and gentle calm,
By spirit blest,
Doth still the senses rage,
As when a shepherd's psalm
The lambkins' fears assuage.
Then tranquil on His breast
I breath this aftermath—
In Love I rest.

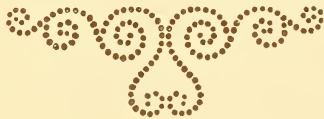
In Love I rest:
The fleeting dream of pain
No more shall be expressed;
God's peace and joy are here.
Low, sweet, Love's calm refrain,
Glad angels' voices clear,
In strains that heal and bless,
Do murmur, as they heal,—
In Love I rest.

In Love I rest:

The barren joys of sin
Fade 'neath the Spirit's test;
Christ wipes all stains away,
Fear's anguish and its din,
And Love alone holds sway.
No more by sense obsessed,
In rapture soft I breathe—
In Love I rest.

In Love I rest:

Life's yoke is light. I see,
In shining raiment dressed,
The Christ, whose tender tone
Calls, soft, "Come unto Me;"
And from the Spirit's throne,
No more to be oppressed,
My soul sings, winged with
praise,—
In Love I rest.



The Spirit of Sure Success

“Lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths”—Proverbs 3:6.

FRIEND, if thou desire me to express
The means of obtaining thy sure
success,
An unfailing road to Truth’s treasury,
Where windows of wealth open wide for thee,
And the hidden bounty of endless Mind
Hath an heritage vast for thee—all designed;
I answer, be honest, be active and true,
Then open thy mind, let Love enter through.

Thus you’ll realize, when you pray,
There’s no poverty, want, nor woe.
In the substance of Mind
All abundance you’ll find,
Through your being God’s riches flow.

The meek, we must know, inherit the earth;
Thus nourished by Love they can know no
dearth;
Through foot-paths of peace Life doth lighten
them
To a kingdom, a crown and a diadem,

To a land without scarceness where longings
cease,
And abundant Mind doth their joys increase;
While Christ to their hearts doth supply all
things,
As in rapture their soul to their Giver sings:—

Dear God, Thou hast caused us to say,
There's no poverty, want nor woe;
In the substance of Mind
All abundance we find,
Through man's being God's riches flow.

Prosperity enters when fear is gone,
Confide in God's grace and walk calmly on;
Have faith in Truth; in Love's sure reward,
Make thine expectation, the blessed Lord;
Lay up for yourselves, where no loss nor fraud
May rob nor take from you the wealth of God.
No blessing nor honor will He withhold,
Whose thought is choice silver, whose love
pure gold.

Then shall we not know every day,
There's no poverty, want nor woe.
In the substance of Mind
All abundance we find,
Through our being God's riches flow.

Should you look to person, a place or thing,
Or a mortal expedient, wealth to bring,
Or outline the how and the when and where,
Canst thou by searching find substance there?
Thy friends will refrain and thy foes rejoice
Till you list to the call of the inner voice;
And breaking no longer the first command,
Thy birthright—dominion through God
demand.

Almighty! Eternal God!
There's no poverty, want nor woe;
In Thy substance, O Mind,
All abundance I find
Through my being Thy riches flow!

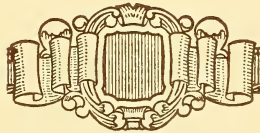
True substance is God, and our God is all;
Then the lie that would limit all men must
fall.

Wealth gotten by vanity must decay,
But the riches of Christ will remain always.
Real man reflects God, life's eternal Font,
Who can manifest nothing of lack or want;
But, blessed by a God who is all supply,
He must prosper, enlargen, and fructify.

As replenished, his soul doth sing,
There's no poverty, want nor woe.
 In the substance of Mind
 All abundance I find,
Through my being God's riches flow.

Now, man of earth, be thou pauper or king,
If thou seekest a way that will riches bring,
Be loving, be pure, and cast out all fear.
Be confident, strong; hold thy neighbor dear.
Seek thine own reward in another's good.
In wisdom establish Christ's brotherhood.
You ask what practical good this may do?
It will make a channel for Wealth of you.

Then you'll know, as pure Mind
 flows through,
There's no poverty, want nor woe.
 In the substance of Mind
 All abundance you find,
Through your being God's riches flow.



Thank God, O My Heart

THANK God for the light,
Thank God that the night
Has wasted and waned away;
Thank God dark is gone,
And the gladness of dawn
Cries out, "Hail the joy-giving day!"

Thank God Thou art near,
Thank God there's no fear,
O Love that hath brought men peace;
Thank God that the tears
That have burdened the years,
Through Mind, the compassionate, cease

Thank God I am healed,
Thank God that the field
Is gleaned of its tares of pain;
Thank God that the Christ
Hath forever sufficed
To establish the Spirit's reign.

Thank God, O my heart,
While Love doth impart
The joy of the ransomed one.
Thank God, for at last
With sin's shadowland past,
The laurels of Life are won.

The Secret of Christ

*"Now abideth faith, hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love."—1 Cor. 13:13.**

DEAR Jesus blessed the Magdalene,
She felt her sin forgiven;
The little children loved him,
Who before had been forbidden.

Of publicans he sat as chief,
Explaining Love's sweet leaven;
He asked the conscience-smitten thief
To sup with Him in heaven.

At Jacob's well, the woman, lax,
Was melted into tears;
He loved the poor demoniacs
And rid them of their fears.

For prodigals and wanderers
His love increased tenfold.
And little lambs heard patient calls
Restore them to the fold.

* Revised version.

The broken and the contrite one
Came unto Him to rest,
And every heavy-laden head
Found room upon His breast.

So when the little fisher band
Were mourning o'er their loss,
They saw their same companion stand
To crown their seeming loss.

O, sing again the happy hymn;
Each time it grows more sweet,
As hand in hand we walk with him
Who washed the sinner's feet.



To Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson

Your Stranger is the guest of Art;
Your Hamlet, Shakespeare's dreamed of
thing.
Were Caesar as your finished part,
Then would he had been Tiber's king.
But when from out the painted wings;
Most courteous, yet withal most true,
Your life interprets nobler things,
It is the finest *rôle* you do.

Transformed

*"Where your treasure is, there will your heart
be also."—St. Luke 12:34*

Oh! believe me, when all these alluring sense-
dreams
 Into nothingness vanish away;
Like the mists of the vale when the glories
 of dawn
 Melt the shades of the night all away;
Then Life's splendors untold in their true
 sense unfold,
 By their Master, exquisite, designed;
And the objects of sense be replaced by real
 things,
 Finding birth in the infinite Mind.

Then my heart count as gain thine ephemeral
 loss.
 As the land-marks of sense disappear,
Like the will-o'the-wisp when the sun's
 golden flood
 Bathes the brow of the dew-bedecked
 mere.
Spirit's handiwork fair; all the grandeurs of
 Soul,
 Where Life's lily, Truth's lake and Love's
 star,
Ayont matter enshrined where true man
 reflects God,
 Midst the beauty of things as they are.

Since what we may love makes our world as
it seems,
Be it earthly or heavenly sphere,
Where the heart doth sojourn there its sub-
stance it finds;
Thought sees manifest what is held dear.
O, choose ye to-day whom ye would obey;
But our heavenly Father and Guide
Makes us love not the world, but adhering
to Thee
On Thy kingdom eternal decide.



Abraham Lincoln

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his (mortal) life for his friends.”—St. John 15:13.

Beneath the furrroughs of that homely mask,
Reposed the beauty of God’s fairest son.
Behind that awkward frame and clumsy hand,
Resplendent in the Truth, dear Christ did
stand,
The animus of his colossal task.
And through that rude yet rich humanity,
Compassionate and tender friend of man,
There shone the beauty of the One Divinity
That freed the slave and brake the
captive’s ban.
So South, North, East and West his love
made one,
As doth a lens the scattered rays of sun.

The Sea of Galilee

*“But after I am risen again I will go before you
into Galilee.”—Matt. 26:32*

GALILEE, my shimmer sea,
How I love to dream of thee ;
Oracle of prophesy!
Mirror of Love's ministry;
Glancing, dancing, soul-enhancing,
Shining, shimmer sea.

Galilee, dear shimmer sea,
Christ hath proved the Word divine,
From these limpid depths of thine,
Turning aqua into wine ;
Rushing, gushing, crimson-blushing,
Shining, shimmer sea.

Galilee, deep shimmer sea,
O'er thy heaving bosom strides,
Lightly as a trireme rides,
Lord and master of all tides ;
Splashing, dashing, moonlight-flashing,
Shining, shimmer sea.

Galilee, dark shimmer sea,
Storms are shrieking, loud and shrill,
Sailors quail while vessels fill,
Jesus whispers “Peace, be still ;”
Thrashing, smashing, thunder-crashing,
Shining, shimmer sea.



The Sea of Galilee.

Galilee, blest shimmer sea,
Multitudes bedeck thy shore,
While a Saviour doth restore
Binding hearts to break no more;
Beaming, streaming, glory-gleaming,
Shining, shimmer sea.

Galilee, sad shimmer sea;
Now thy shadows form a cross,
While thy tearful wavelets toss,
Breaking, breaking o'er earth's loss;
Sighing, crying, weeping, dying,
Shining, shimmer sea.

Galilee, glad shimmer sea,
Glory be to God on high!
Adam's conquered—death doth die,
Christ is risen—Jesus nigh!
Gleaming, beaming, glory-streaming,
Shining, shimmer sea.

Galilee, my shimmer sea,
History's seraphic scroll,
Record of the might of Soul,
Roll within me, cleanse and roll;
Roaring, pouring, peace-restoring,
Shining, shimmer sea!

OUR LEADER

AND OTHER POEMS

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

TO

MARY BAKER EDDY

DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

MIND HEALING

AND AUTHOR OF ITS TEXT BOOK

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